

Since birth, and heaven and earth, all three do meete:
In thee at once, which thou at once wouldst lose.
Fie, fie, thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit:
Which like a Viceroye shouldst in all;
And v'st none in that true v'st indeed,
Which should bedeeke thy shape, thy love, thy wit:
Thy Noble shape, is but a forme of waxe,
Digressing from the Valour of a man,
Thy deare Loue sworne but hollow perjurie,
Killing that Loue which thou hast vow'd to cherish.
Thy wit, that Ornament, to shape and Loue,
Mishapen in the conduct of them both:
Like powder in a skilless Souldiers flaske,
Is set a fire by thine owne ignorance,
And thou dismembred with thine owne defence.
What, rowse thee man, thy Juliet is alive,
For whose deare sake thou wast but lately dead.
But thou flew'st Tybalt, there art thou happy.
The law that threatned death became thy Friend,
And turn'd it to exile, there art thou happy.
A packe or blessing light vpon thy backe,
Happinesse Courts thee in her best array,
But like a mishapen and fullen wench,
Thou putt'st vp thy Fortune and thy Loue:
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
Goe get thee to thy Loue as was decreed,
Ascend her Chamber, hence and comfort her:
But looke thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not passe to Mantua,
Where thou shalt live till we can finde a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your Friends,
Beg pardon of thy Prince, and call thee backe,
With twenty hundred thousand times more ioy
Then thou went'st forth in lamentation.
Goe before Nurse, commend me to thy Lady,
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt vnto.
Romeo is coming.

Nur. O Lord, I could haue staid here all night,
To heare good counsell: oh what learning is!
My Lord Ile tell my Lady you will come.
Rom. Do so, and bid my Sweete prepare to chide.
Nur. Heere fir, a Ring she bid me giue you fir:
Hie you, make hast, for it growes vey late.
Rom. How well my comfort is reui'd by this.

Fri. Go hence,
Goodnight, and here stands all your state:
Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the breake of day disguis'd from hence,
Sojourne in Mantua, Ile find out your man,
And he shall signifie from time to time,
Euery good hap to you, that chaunces heere:
Giue me thy hand, 'tis late, farewell, goodnight.
Rom. But that a ioy past ioy, calls out on me,
It were a griefe, to brieue to part with thee:
Farewell.

Enter old Capulet, his Wife and Paris.

Cap. Things haue fallne out fir so vnluckily,
That we haue had no time to moue our Daughter:
Looke you, she Lou'd her kinsman Tybalt dearely,
And so did I. Well, we were borne to die.
'Tis vey late, she'll not come downe to night:
I promise you, but for your company,

I would haue bin a bed an houre ago.

Par. These times of wo, afford no times to woo:
Madam goodnight, commend me to your Daughter.

Lady. I will, and know her mind early to morrow,
To night, she is mew'd vp to her heauinesse.

Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
Of my Childs loue: I thinke she will be rul'd
In all respects by me: nay more, I doubtir not.
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed,
Acquaint her here, of my Sonne Paris Loue,
And bid her, marke you me, on Wend'sday next,
But soft, what day is this?

Par. Monday my Lord.

Cap. Monday, ha ha: well Wend'sday is too soone,
A Thursday let it be: a Thursday tell her,
She shall be married to this Noble Earle:
Will you be ready? do you like this hast?
Weele keepe no great adoe, a Friend or two,
For haerke you, Tybalt being slaine so late,
It may be thought we held him carelessly,
Being our kinsman, if we reuell much:
I therefore weele haue some halfe a dozen Friends,
And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?

Paris. My Lord,

I would that Thursday were to morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone, a Thursday, be it then:
Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,
Prepare her wife, against this wedding day.
Farewell my Lord, light to my Chamber hie,
Afore me, it is so late, that we may call it early by and by,
Goodnight.

Enter Romeo and Juliet aloft.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet neere day:
It was the Nightingale, and not the Larke,
That pierc'd the fearefull hollow of thine eare,
Nightly she sings on yond Pomgranet tree,
Beleeue me Loue, it was the Nightingale.

Rom. It was the Larke the Herald of the Morn:
No Nightingale: looke Loue what enuious streakes
Do lace the feuring Cloudes in yonder East:
Nights Candles are burnt out, and I second day
Stands tip to on the mistie Mountaines tops,
I must be gone and liue, or stay and die.

Jul. Yond light is not daylight, I know it I:
It is some Meteor that the Sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a Torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua.

Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone,
Rom. Let me be gone, let me be put to death,
I am content, so thou wilt haue it so.

Ile say yon gray is not the mornings eye,
'Tis but the pale reflexe of Cynthia's brow:
Nor that is not Larke whose noates do beate
The vaulty heauen so high aboue our heads,
I haue more care to stay, then will to go:
Come death and welcome, Juliet wills it so.
How if my soule, lets talke, it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is, hie hence be gone away:

It is the Larke that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh Discords, and vnpleasing Sharps.
Some say the Larke makes sweete Diuision:
This doth not so: for the diuider vs.
Some say, the Larke and loathed Toad change eyes,
O now I would they had chang'd voyces too:

Since

Since arme from arme that voyce doth vs affray,
Hunting thee hence, with Hunt (v) to the day,
O now be gone, more light and i'th light growes.
Rom. More light & light, more darke & darke our woes.

Enter Adam and Nurse.

Nur. Madam.

Jul. Nurse.

Nur. Your Lady Mother is comming to your chamber,
The day is broke, be wary, looke about.

Jul. Then window let day in, and let life out.

Rom. Farewell, farewell, one kisse and Ile descend.

Jul. Art thou gone for Loue, Lord, ay Husband, Friend,
I must heare from thee euery day in the houre,

For in a minute there are many dayes,

O by this count I shall be much in yeares,

Ere I againe behold my Romeo.

Rom. Farewell:

I will omit no oportunitie,

That may conuey my greetings Loue, to thee.

Jul. O thinkest thou we shall euer meet againe?

Rom. I doubt it not, and all these woes shall serue

For sweet discourses in our time to come.

Jul. O God! I haue an ill Diuining soule,

Me thinks I see thee now, thou art so lowe,

As one dead in the bottome of a Tombe,

Either my eye-sight failes, or thou look'st pale.

Rom. And trust me Loue, in my eye so do you:

Drie sorrow drinckes our blood. Adue, adue.

Jul. O Fortune, Fortune, all men call thee fickle,

If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him

That is renown'd for faith? be fickle Fortune:

For then I hope thou wilt not keepe him long,

But fend him backe.

Enter Mother.

Lad. Ho Daughter, are you vp?

Jul. Who ist that calls? Is it my Lady Mother.

Is she not downe so late, or vp so early?

What vnaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

Lad. Why how now Juliet?

Jul. Madam I am not well.

Lad. Euer more weeping for your Cozins death?

What wilt thou wash him from his graue with teares?

And if thou could'st, thou could'st not make him liue:

Therefore haue done, some griefe shewes much of Loue,

But much of griefe, shewes still some want of wit.

Jul. Yet let me weepe, for such a feeling losse.

Lad. So shall you feeble the losse, but not the Friend.

Which you weepe for.

Jul. Feeling so the losse,

I cannot chuse but euer weepe the Friend.

La. Well Girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death,

As that the Villaine liues which slaughter'd him.

Jul. What Villaine, Madam?

Lad. That same Villaine Romeo.

Jul. Villaine and he, be many Miles assunder:

God pardon, I doe with all my heart:

And yet no man like he, doth grieue my heart.

Lad. That is because the Traitor liues.

Jul. I Madam from the reach of these my hands

Would none but I might venge my Cozins death.

Lad. We will haue vengeance for it, feare thou not.

Then weepe no more, Ile fend to one in Mantua,

Where that same banisht Run-agate doth liue,

Shall giue him such an vnaccustom'd dram,

That he shall soone keepe Tybalt company:

And then I hope thou wilt be satisfied.

Jul. Indeed I neuer shall be satisfied

With Romeo, till I behold him. Dead

Is my poore heart so for a kinsman vext:

Madam if you could find out but a man

To beare a poyson, I would temper it;

That Romeo should vpon receit thereof,

Soone sleepe in quiet. O how my heart abhors

To heare him nam'd, and cannot come to him,

To wreake the Loue I bore my Cozin,

Vpon his body that hath slaughter'd him.

Mo. Find thou the meanes, and Ile find such a man.

But now Ile tell thee ioyfull tidings Gyrl.

Jul. And ioy comes well, in such a needy time,

What are they, beseech your Ladyship?

Mo. Well, well, thou hast a carefull Father Child:

One who to put thee from thy heauinesse,

Hath fortied out a sudden day of ioy,

That thou expect'st not, nor I lookt not for.

Jul. Madam in happy time, what day is this?

Mo. Marry my Child, early next Thursday morn,

The gallant, young, and Noble Gentleman,

The Countie Paris at Saint Peters Church,

Shall happily make thee a ioyfull Bride.

Jul. Now by Saint Peters Church, and Peter too,

He shall not make me there a ioyfull Bride:

I wonder at this hast, that I must wed

Ere he that should be Husband comes to woo:

I pray you tell my Lord and Father Madam,

I will not marrie yet, and when I doe, I sweare

It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate:

Rather then Paris. These are newes indeed.

Mo. Here comes your Father, tell him so your selfe,

And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter Capulet and Nurse.

Cap. When the Sun sets, the earth doth drizzle daew

But for the Sunset of my Brothers Sonne,

It raines downright.

How now? A Conduit Gyrl, what still in teares?

Euermore showing in one little body?

Thou counterfeit'st a Barke, a Sea, a Wind:

For still thy eyes, which I may call the Sea,

Do ebbe and flow with teares, the Barke thy body is

Sayling in this salt flood, the windes thy sighes,

Who raging with the teares and they with them,

Without a sudden calme will ouer set

Thy tempest tossed body. How now wife?

Have you deliuered to her our decree?

Lady. I fir,

But she will none, she giues you thanks;

I would the foole were married to her graue.

Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you wife,

How, will she none? doth she not giue vs thanks?

Is she not proud? doth she not count her blest?

Vnworthy as she is, that we haue wrought

So worthy a Gentleman, to be her Bridegroome

Jul. Not proud you haue,

But thankfull that you haue:

Proud can I neuer be of what I haue,

But thankfull euen for hate, that is meant Loue:

Cap. How now?

How now? Chopt Logicke? what is this?

Proud, and I thanke you: and I thanke you not,

Thanke me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,

But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,

To